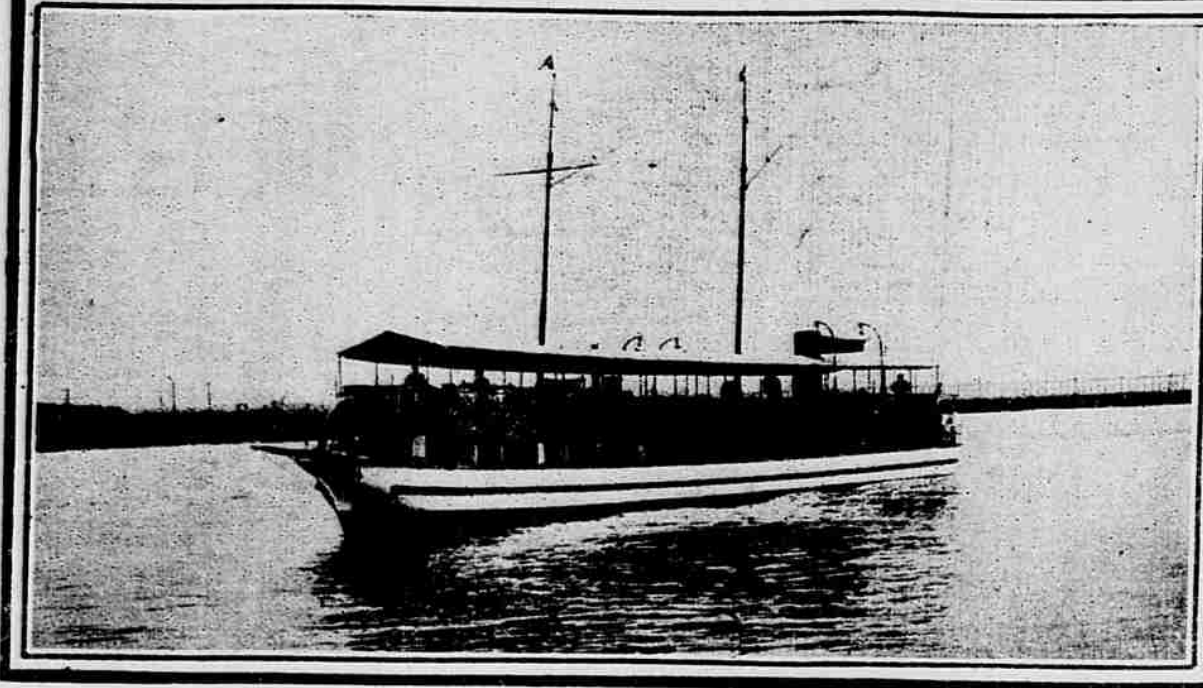


LUXURY ON A HOUSE BOAT



THE LOUDOUN, LEWIS NIXON'S WONDERFUL HOUSEBOAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The finest houseboat in the world at present is owned by Lewis Nixon, the well-known shipbuilder, designer of the battleships Indiana and Oregon and other vessels of war. The Loudoun—that is the houseboat's name—is a luxurious mixture of steam yacht and Newport cottage. She has nine good-sized rooms, all beautifully furnished—not as a yacht is fitted, with chairs and tables screwed to the floor, but precisely as a summer cottage is, or ought, to be. The boat is 130 feet long, over all, and has an uninterrupted hurricane deck of 119 feet. There is a small deck forward and a good-sized deck aft, the latter for the crew. She has a steel hull and wooden top sides, and is equipped with a single screw and triple expansion engine. Her best speed is twelve knots an hour, which is about as fast as the average passenger steamer cares to travel. She carries a crew of ten men—

a master, chief engineer, two firemen, two sailors, chef, messboy and stewards. There are two of the latter, both Japanese. The hurricane deck is the real living-room of the family. It is shaded by a blue-lined awning and carpeted with rugs and skins. Easy chairs, couches, rugs and pillows; tables strewn with books and magazines; flowers and palms, contribute to the very homelike aspect of the place. The rooms below are reached by a wide staircase, carpeted with moss green. The two principal rooms, the drawing-room and the dining-room, are furnished luxuriously, but simply, as a summer home should be. The dining-room is especially beautiful. The woodwork, table, chairs, buffet and china closets are in white enamel, and the walls and grates are in blue. The china is also blue and white, and a large blue and white rug covers the floor. The drawing-room is a lovely little Empire creation, in pale rose and gold. The Loudoun goes into commission in May and stays in until after the middle of October.

The boat steams into the bay at Elizabethport, N. J., where the Nixon shipyard is located very early in the morning, and remains until Mr. Nixon's day's work is accomplished. At 2 o'clock, or thereabouts, she starts on her daily cruise up the Hudson, down the sound as far as Newport, or wherever her owner chooses. She is a familiar sight in New York Harbor.

The Nixons are very hospitable people and have entertained a great deal in the four summers they have lived in their houseboat. Hundreds of distinguished names appear on the log of the Loudoun, among them Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Pauncefote, Secretary Long, and nearly all the prominent army and navy men. Richard Croker is a frequent visitor. It is said that Mrs. Nixon is the only person with whom the "Squire of Wantage" ever grows really talkative. She is a very bright woman, simple in her manner, and possesses much sterling good sense.



MR. AND MRS. LEWIS NIXON AND THEIR SON ON THE DECK OF THE LOUDOUN.

Lewis Nixon is a man of uncommon achievements for his thirty-six years. He is an Annapolis graduate and had the honor of being sent to the Naval School at Greenwich, England, where he completed his

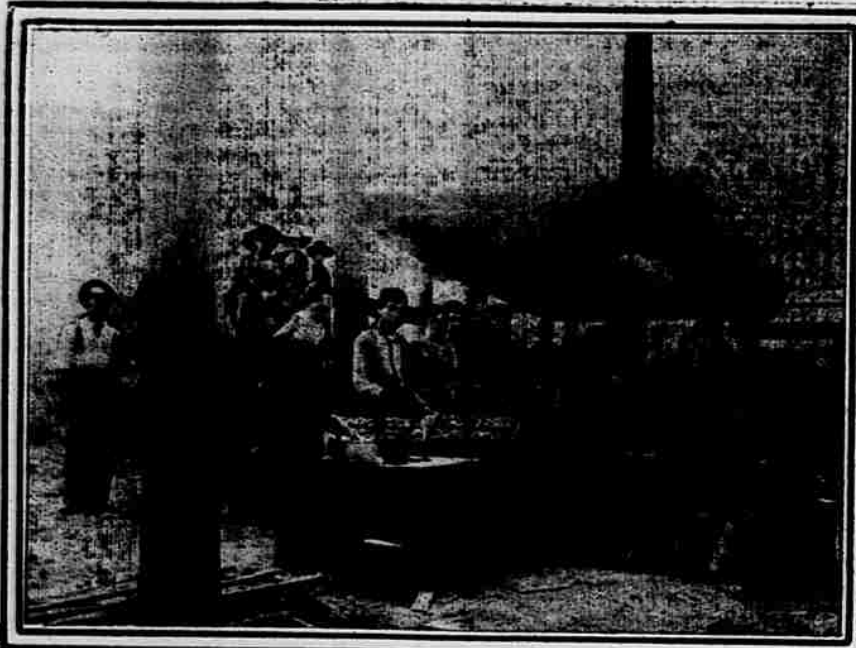
studies in naval construction. At present he is the owner of the Crescent Shipyards at Elizabethport, is president of the East River Bridge Commission of New York and is known to be in line for political prom-

inences within the next year or two. He is not classed among the millionaires yet, but a man who can afford to build a \$50,000 houseboat and spend a thousand dollars a month to keep it going, cannot have finan-

cial worries. Mr. Nixon will one day be a very rich man, and he will have earned every dollar of it through brains and industry. So nobody should begrudge it to him.

SOUTH MISSOURI SHIPS PEACHES BY LONG TRAIN LOADS.

Most of Them Come From the Pioneer Olden Farm, Which Was Established Long Ago by a Man Who Had Faith in the Ozarks as a Fruit-Raising Country and Has Lived to See That Faith Fully Justified.

S.R. YOUNG
'THE PEACH KING'

LOADING AND ORATING MISSOURI PEACHES.

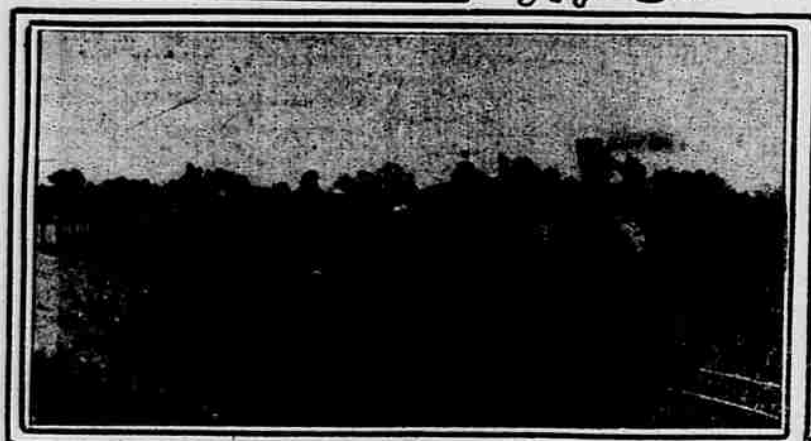
Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

West Plains, Mo., Sept. 4.—A solid train-load of Elberta peaches was shipped out of Olden, Mo., last week by Sam R. Young, a Springfield commission man. There were thirteen cars in the train when it left Olden, but five more were picked up at Pomona and Willow Springs, making eighteen cars of Elberta peaches in the train.

While the long drought has affected the crops of the entire Southwest, the luscious peach on the summit of the Ozarks has laughed at the covetings of the planets that have caused the rainmaker to take a vacation. From all over South Missouri reports confirm the glad tidings that the peach crop is a world beater, and on every fruit farm along the southern branch of the Frisco system there is "something doing." On the Olden fruit farm, the largest in the South Missouri peach belt, the crop of Elberta is now being rushed to market. Pickers and packers are scattered all over the orchard, for at this farm the sun-kissed fruit is packed in tents set up in the orchards, and not in a large packing shed where all the labor is congregated. Times are lively now at the little village of Olden, and one familiar with the current events of this section is reminded of the prosperous times of '97, when every fruit grower in South Missouri had peaches to feed to the bogs and money to burn.

The Olden is the oldest fruit farm in South Missouri. In 1883 Colonel J. C. Evans of Harlem, Mo., a little town in Clay County, across the river from Kansas City, came to Howell County. He bought a large tract of land, organized a company and proceeded to put out an orchard. The town was named Olden, in honor of Judge B. F. Olden of West Plains, who, at that time, was attorney for the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad. Those who composed the original company were Colonel J. C. Evans, J. K. Cravens, L. A. Goodman, Frank Holsinger, G. W. Esplenlaub and W. G. Gano. Mr. Cravens was the first president and Mr. Gano the first manager.

Shortly afterwards G. L. Sessen became manager of the company, and in 1885 he set out 15,000 peach trees, which were bought in Denison, Tex. In this lot were several varieties—Family Favorite, Elberta and Wilson's Cling. These were the first Elberta peach trees set out in South Missouri. The success of this planting of trees surprised everyone. While the Olden Fruit Farm Company lost thousands of dollars by planting and experimenting with different varieties, the fruit men who later



SOLID TRAIN LOADED WITH MISSOURI PEACHES.

set out orchards have profited by this experience.

There are 2,500 acres of land in the Olden fruit farm. This year the peach trees on 200 acres are bearing the finest fruit that was ever grown on the place. Some 300 acres of peach trees are not doing well this year, the trees being diseased on account of the terrible freeze of '97. The company has 5,000 bearing apple trees now and twenty-five acres of blackberries.

At the present time the farm is owned by Colonel Evans and his sons, Fred and John, and S. B. Anderson of Memphis, Tenn. Paul Evans resides on the farm and manages the affairs of the company, while his brother, John, conducts a general merchandise store belonging to the company. Besides the store this company operates a canning factory and distillery at Olden.

No peaches will be canned by the company this year, as the green fruit is bringing such good prices. The distillery, though, is running full blast, using all the soft, or "culled" peaches. Peach brandy is the product of the distillery and the entire output has been sold to a Kansas City wholesale liquor-house at 35 cents a gallon. The spirits will be placed in a bonded warehouse and allowed to age.

Much has been written of the Olden Fruit Farm. The stock of the company has frequently changed hands, but Colonel Evans never lost faith, but hung on and he can now see his fondest hopes realized. It was shortly after the war that Colonel Evans first thought of starting a fruit farm in South Missouri. He was taking a trip through the country, and saw at a glance its particular adaptability to fruit culture.

Years afterwards he organized the Olden Fruit Farm Company and has lived to see his efforts crowned with success. His sons, Paul and John, have inherited from their father a true instinct for fruit culture, and the old saying that it takes old men for counsel and young men for action is demonstrated at the Olden Fruit Farm.

All the peaches on the Olden Fruit Farm have been bought by Mr. Young, who has also contracted for every crate of peaches shipped from Mammoth Spring, Burnham, Mount View and Willow Springs, and half the crop at Pomona.

There is much rivalry existing between Sam R. Young and John G. McNair of St. Louis, the two heaviest shippers from the district, for the honor of being crowned the "peach king of South Missouri." The man who ships the largest number of cars from this section will gain this title. Up to date Mr. Young has shipped 123 cars of peaches from South Missouri, while Mr. McNair is several cars short of these figures. Mr. Young did his first dealing in fruit when a mere boy. Twenty-two years ago he took a large load of apples down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, and has ever since been in the fruit commission business. Early in the spring Mr. Young began buying peaches in Louisiana and Texas, and after he gets through in South Missouri he will go to Michigan and other peach-producing States. He has already shipped over 300 cars of peaches alone this season, and expects to ship 200 more; a total of 500 cars for one season. This is the largest amount of peaches ever handled by one man in a season, and not only entitles Mr. Young to be crowned the "Peach King of South Missouri," but the "Peach King of the United States."

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN GROWING AMERICAN DATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The Department of Agriculture has just made an interesting report on the successful growing of the date palm in this country. This opens up a new industry for the great arid Southwest, particularly in Arizona, where palms lately planted are now producing fruit equal to that of Africa.

Hitherto unprofitable and arid land in the West now has a prospect of being turned into veritable orchards with proper irrigation. The Government's work in this line has been carried on for some time and the results announced are extremely interesting.

The export of dates to Europe and to America is an important industry both in North Africa and the countries bordering the Persian Gulf. The value of the dates imported into the United States alone averaged for the ten years ending June 1, 1900, \$402,763 per annum. The real value when received at the American ports was 50 per cent greater, or \$604,000.

It was found by Government experiment that certain spots in the Southwest were especially adapted for the date palm. About twenty-five of the best known varieties which grow in the Western Sahara are now being grown in Arizona.

The date palm demands a fairly abundant and, above all, a constant supply of water at the roots; at the same time it delights in a perfectly dry and very hot climate. A well-known Arab proverb runs: "The date palm, the queen of trees, must have her feet in running water and her head in the burning sky."

The University of Arizona offered to provide a special date garden and to cultivate the palm if the Department of Agriculture would furnish a collection of shoots of the best sorts of dates. This offer was accepted, and a Government expert was sent, with instructions from the Secretary of Agriculture, to visit the largest date orchard in the Algerian coast and also the oases in the Sahara Desert about Biskra.

Every facility was afforded him, and he was enabled to study freely all the details of growing and marketing dates. Some 447 offshoots, comprising some twenty-seven varieties, were secured and shipped to this country—the largest consignment ever sent from North Africa. Three hundred and twenty-one were planted at Tempe, Ariz.; ninety were planted at Phoenix and in the Salt River Valley, and the remainder were sent to California.

The age at which palms come into bearing depends much upon climate and soil. Trees have been known to bear in Arizona four years after being planted. Trees, however, are generally considered not to yield paying quantities of fruit until they are at least 6 years old. They continue bearing from this age, if well cared for, until they are 100 years or more old, a good tree producing an average of from 400 to 600 pounds per year when grown in rich soil and abundantly irrigated.

The department concludes that if adequately supplied with water the lower and hotter parts of the Colorado Desert would be one of the finest date regions in the world and beyond question the best within the limits of the United States. This desert occupies an area of some 1,000 or more square miles in Southwestern California. The summer temperatures in this desert are as high as those in the interior of the Sahara Desert, averaging about 120 to 125.

The air is exceedingly dry in this desert, and this, together with the intense heat, renders the climate peculiarly adapted to the culture of the best variety of dates. The next best producing section is the Salt River Valley, in Central Arizona. Date palms planted here have been strikingly successful.

It has been shown that enough dates to supply our market can be produced at home, thus retaining in this country nearly \$50,000 now paid annually for foreign dates. The Department of Agriculture maintains a special date garden at Tempe, in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, and about 430 young palms, comprising all of the best-known varieties imported from date regions of the Western Sahara, are now growing and yielding fine fruit.

Not to Be Outdone.

When Mrs. Bird drove forth her horse Bald Mrs. Peach, "I'll never for a moment stand for that!" "Twas envy that had moved her thus—'twas envy, nothing less." For she continued, "I'm as swift as Mrs. Bird, I guess!" And yesterday she bravely sat behind her horse a-prance. And lo! Not only that, but she was also frowning pants!

THIS WOMAN'S CLUB DIRECTED A SUCCESSFUL VICE CRUSADE.



Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Centerville, Ill., Sept. 2.—It looked rather dark for the boys of Southtown, a mining settlement near Centerville, until the Sunshine Club began a crusade against the vice in progress there. This village is south of Centerville. Many laborers live there and the juvenile population is large. Several years ago a saloon was licensed, and, as it flourished, another one came. The rivalry for trade between these places caused innovations, and last winter the conditions became desperate. Gambling games existed openly with stakes from a nickel up.

This aroused the ladies of the community and the better residents organized to help the boys and girls of this settlement. "The Sunshine" was the name adopted, and the agitation commenced. One of the saloon men was a member of a local labor union, and the sentiment against him caused his union to expel him. Through the efforts of the ladies he was fined heavily, and Mayor Frazier revoked his license. The saloon was soon opened again, but conditions were better.

By canvassing the city these ladies secured sufficient money to buy an old brick residence, and fit it up for a clubhouse. The furniture was donated. It now stands

in Southtown as one of the model houses. There is a reading-room, a sewing-room, for girls have been included in this work, and a gymnasium. It will be kept open all winter, and children will be urged to spend their evenings there. Everything will be clean, pleasant and warm. Games will be urged upon the lads, and the girls will have afternoon classes in sewing and cooking. The youngsters are to have what they want and when they want it.

The property is now estimated to be worth \$1,000. Much of this money was raised by subscription and the rest by festivals and by a society circus at the Pittenger Opera-house. In this circus the ladies took part under the direction of Miss Marion Lyons, a Chicago University student, who lives near Southtown.

Mrs. Sara Webster is president of the club and has worked hard in behalf of the organization. Mrs. Charles Hartman is vice president and an enthusiastic worker. Miss Lola Scott is secretary. Misses Nellie Spring, Minnie Scott and Jennie Ruby are school teachers who understood the needs of the Sunshine Club. Miss Ethel Willes and Miss Edna DeViney are two young ladies who have assisted in the work and who helped with the society circus.

THEIR HOMES ARE OLD STREET CARS.

"Cartown" Is a Novel and Interesting Section of the Ocean Beach of San Francisco.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In St. Louis there are some people who live in old street cars and call them homes; there are many others who have the ancient vehicles as playhouses for their children, or as kennels or chicken coops for their dogs or chickens. But out in San Francisco there is a large settlement where all the houses are street cars that were formerly in use in that city. The settlement is called "Cartown," and is as distinctive a locality as is "Chinatown."

An Italian immigrant was the founder of Cartown. He had bought a lot, but had no money with which to build a house. One day he passed the sheds of a street car company and saw in the back yard an old horse car that was fast becoming a wreck. The sight of it gave him an idea. He went to the foreman of the sheds and asked him if the old car was for sale. The foreman referred him to the superintendent, the superintendent took the matter up with the general manager, and the general manager saw the president. After all had discussed it, the decision to sell the old car was reached. The Italian offered \$10. It was a low price, but he wouldn't pay more; and finally it got the car. Then the old vehicle was moved to the Italian's lot, new glass was put in the window and door sashes, a firm foundation put under it, and a lean-to addition built. Then the Italian and his family took possession, found it all very comfortable, and have lived there ever since.

By and by other people followed his example, and Cartown developed. It is located on the ocean beach, at the shore end of Golden Gate Park. The land is of little value here, and most of the settlers have not taken the precaution of acquiring formal title to their lots. They simply moved their unique houses into the position that suited them, and moved in.

There are perhaps fifty of these car dwellings in the little settlement, many of them fitted out with considerable elegance and numerous conveniences. They are arranged upon a general plan, affording their occupants the widest views, all fronting the sea. Streets intersect at right angles, and plank walks are laid so as to give pedestrians access to their homes without wading through the deep sands.

Few of these cars have been adorned with a coat of paint. The exteriors are generally intact, and the conspicuous signs denoting the route over which the cars once perambulated are not obliterated.

Some method is used in the adornment of these curious resorts. Many of them are covered with vines, most have galleries extending around the front and sides. The roofs of some are arranged as lookouts, and awnings drop over the windows. There is considerable space for storage below the cars, while other cars acquire additional room by little extensions. In some instances one car is raised above another, and sometimes the cars are laid upon other buildings, thus giving an extra story. The platforms of the cars are often transformed into balconies and bay windows with the aid of the carpenter and glass fitter, and afford points

of observation protected from the cold winds, besides giving extended views of sea and land.

While there are many families permanent residents of "Cartown," a larger number occupy the "vehicles" as others do the houseboat, giving opportunities for original methods of entertainment and diversion for themselves and friends. Confined and restricted as these dwellings are, there is compensation in the fresh ocean breezes which here blow right from the sea, besides the enjoyment of a health-giving environment. History and romance have been ransacked in providing names for these car "villas" suitable to the facetious idiosyncrasies of their various owners. In "Cartown" the Villa Miramar and Chateau Navarre adjoin the modest restaurant and more conspicuous bars.

A Petition in Time.
Touch us gently, Time!—
Let us glide down thy stream—
Gently—as we sometimes glide—
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three—
One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!
Touch us gently, Time!
We're not proud nor soaring wings!
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unbounded sea,
Seeking only some calm cove,
Touch us gently, Time.

—Harry Campbell.